# MONTEREY NEWS

September 2002
VOLUME XXXII · Number 9


## The Town

August seemed quieter than usual at the Town Offices. On several occasions the meeting of the Select Board was given over to reminiscences and critical commentary on town residents past and present. The lack of pressing issues also made time for more than one bout of philosophizing and a good dose of speculation.

### Trees, Berm, and Beavers

It was sadly noted that one of the few shade trees in the town center next to the post office was cut down without notice. No one knows if a new tree will be planted.

In several communications with the board, Roger Tryon, Tree Warden, has requested clarification of his role and support from the Select Board in doing it. He feels that Director of Operations Maynard Forbes has been cutting trees without proper notice. The board stated that Mr. Forbes was acting on their behalf without infringing on the Tree Warden's job. They requested that Mr. Tryon should be more timely about cutting trees as requested by Massachusetts Electric and also plant more trees. They also expressed the feeling that the position should revert to an appointed position as it was prior to the 1980s. For his part, Roger Tryon expressed his concerns for preserving the canopy and avoiding any unnecessary cutting. The Select Board instructed Mr. Forbes to consult with the Tree Warden and work cooperatively. As sometimes happens, seemingly minor problems reveal more fundamental issues. In this case, how to balance the demands of Mass Electric and the need for safety with the preservation of our tree-lined country roads.

Hy Rosen

*Lakefest 2002*

Police Chief Gareth Backhaus informed the board that the Highway Department will remove eleven trees on Corashire Road as requested by Mass Electric. Beartown Mountain Road has been posted at 25 mph.

Mr. Forbes will consult Project Native in an effort to find no-maintenance appropriate plantings for the berm on Route 23. Purple loosestrife will definitely not be considered as it is not native and already runs wild.

A resident of Sylvan Road came before the board for guidance in reducing the high water level created by a beaver dam which has flooded Scott Road and is threatening other roads. He was advised to apply to the Board of Health for an emergency permit. Meanwhile the Animal Control Officer has taken steps to remove the beavers.

## Taxation and Grants

Select Board member Peter Brown clarified his previous remarks about taxation by stating, "The budget has to meet cost of living increase. This will be a difficult year because we spent so much at town meeting last year. . . . We have a stable tax rate—growth has been through new construction." Town officials hope the new tax rate will be set by September 1 in order to receive funds by November 1 and avoid any borrowing. Increases in property taxes may not show up on tax bills until the second bill.

Meeting affordable housing guidelines has become a prerequisite for grants under the Community Development Plan. The Town needs to assess its housing stock before deciding on a plan.

The Salary Committee has begun to meet in earnest and the Select Board hopes to have their conclusions soon.

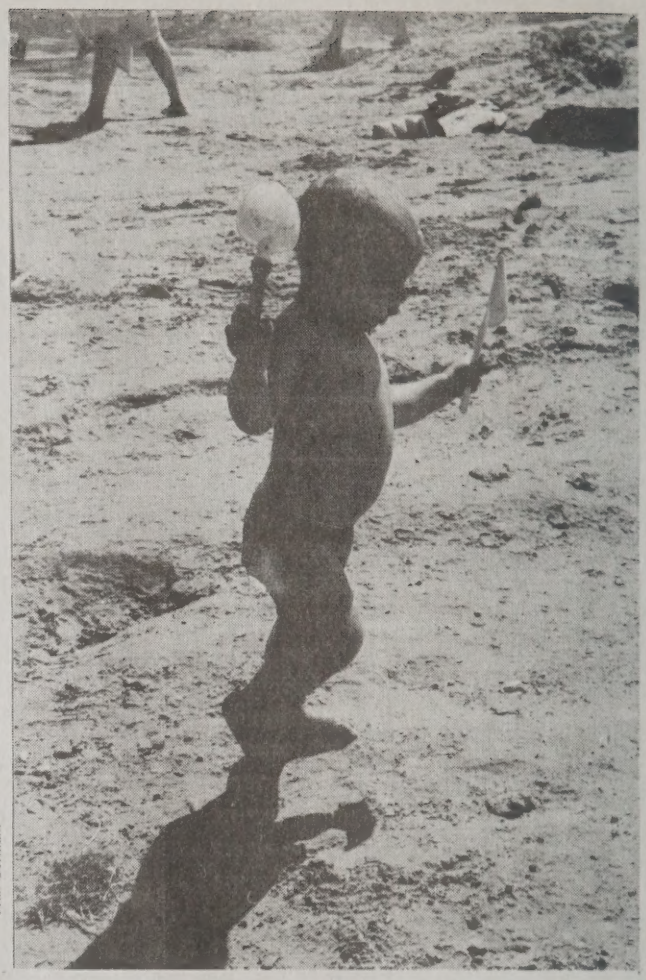
## Appointments and Contracts

Michael Storch and Laury Epstein have been appointed to the Salary Committee, and Michele Miller and Julie Shapiro to the Cultural Council. Claudia Weldon is the new alternate to the Berkshire Regional Planning Commission.

Gail Ceresia was awarded the contract to write the Notice of Intent for the Lake Garfield drawdown, which should be completed by October 25.

The bid deadline for the Town Hall project was postponed to September 9 due to an addendum. Bids will be opened on September 16 at 9 a.m.

— Michele Miller



Jean Germain

*LakeFest reveler*

## Cultural Grant Applications

Monterey Cultural Council grant applications are now available at the Town Hall, 435 Main Road, P.O. Box 308, Monterey, MA 01245. For information call 413-528-1443 or Lois Ryder, Chairperson for the Monterey Cultural Council, at 528-2548. Deadline for submitting the applications is October 15, 2002.

The *Monterey News* is published monthly under the auspices of Monterey United Church of Christ, Monterey, MA 01245.



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# LakeFest 2002

Thank you, Monterey for making LakeFest 2002 such a grand success.

Was that fun, or what? LakeFest 2002, on August 17, was a fair to remember. This writer would like to thank each and every one who made it possible. First, thanks to all the generous people of Monterey who cheerfully parted with thousands of dollars (while the stock market was slipping), buying LakeFest posters and raffle tickets that helped provide funding. And to Bonnie Marks and her crew at the General Store for their cooperation and for lending the porch for weekend fund-raising. And thanks to Tom the butcher and his blues band. I also have to thank the Izaak Walton League, Leroy Thorpe and the gang at the Fish Hatchery for hosting the fishing derby for children twelve and under, from 8:00 (The early bird ...) to 11:00 a.m. Nearly one hundred kids showed up, every one wearing a sunny smile. (Okay, maybe that's a little bit of a fish story. But, just a little.) And thank you, Marty Cherneff, for your very skillful and informative fly-casting lessons

Eileen Lawlor, thanks to you for curating the lake-inspired art show in the meetinghouse basement. It was, indeed, inspiring! And thanks for bringing back Tryon's Tea House, complete with a detailed history courtesy of Ray Tryon. Those old-fashioned root-beer floats sure hit the spot. Jana Shepard and the Monterey Historical Society, thank you for assembling those warm, nostalgic camp photos at the General Knox Museum.

Richard Edelstein

*Under construction: sandcastle building at LakeFest*

And what about all the "thank you's" for all the beach activities? Thanks to Myrna Schneiderman, Michael Solomon, Ann Lyons, and Barbara Sevetsky for getting the sandcastle builders going. Did you see those castles! (Donald Trump actually tried to buy one.) And thanks to Mayra Rodriguez, Robin Fried, and Emma, and Ann Richmond for painting kids' faces. Color them happy. And thank you June Rochedeau, Nanette Hucknall, Isabeth Hardy, Sharon Macruder, Jane and Francis Crotty, and crew for your expertise in organizing the crafts table and banner painting and launching our young paper-boat makers and flotilla. Franny Huberman, Emma Fried, and Christine Martin, thank you for running the thirst-quenching lemonade stand.

Speaking of boats, Monterey's navy boasted a formidable armada. Our gratitude to Expeditions, of Great Barrington for bringing eight kayaks for free rides. Their cheery colors further brightened the day. The kayaks were a big hit, as were the free motorboat rides. A salute to captains Seymour Zager, David Shifrin, Steve Schwartz, Randy Gelbard, Bob Rochedeau, and yours truly. And thanks to Dean and Fran Amidon for allowing the use of their harbor and dock. (Aren't they just the


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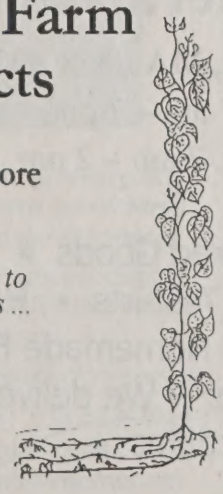


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best!) Legend has it that over two hundred people enjoyed our great Lake Garfield in kayak and motorboats that day. Thank you Dave Cathcart and Dean (again) for organizing all those sailors. While all this was going on, the very knowledgeable Ron McMahon was leading canoe rides on Brewer Pond. Thank you, Ron. And to the Grotto Dogs Band at the Bach's dock, all enjoyed your music, rock 'n' roll to reggae—we say, thanks, Mon.

Anybody getting hungry? Everyone did. Thanks to the very vivacious Myrna Rosen, for organizing and putting your artistic floral touch on that very sumptuous potluck dinner. Myrna's team included (in alphabetical order) Risa Aronson, Carole Clarin, Pat and Richard Edelstein, Marilyn Goldstein, Joan McVicar, June Rochedeau, and Barbara Tryon. Thank you all. And kudos to Monterey's potluck cooks. The food vanished faster than marshmallows at a campfire. Oh, yes, thanks to Bob Rausch for making and manning the campfire. And to Mario Canki and Tara Sinclair, our grill master and mistress.

As Carl Finger aptly put it, "After a dinner like that, we need some exercise." Thumbs up to Mr. Finger for the increased circulation and excitation, making folk dancers of us all. And thanks to the Bottom of the Bucket Band for their foot-stompin' selections.

And thanks to Dave Lewis's Berkshire Fireworks for the ultra-dazzling display of pyrotechnics that lit up the night sky—and all our hearts, young and old alike. We sure got our money's worth. And thank you, Ginny and Bob Duffy, for the use of your land for launching that star-studded art show. And thank you Schwartzes for once again evacuating your premises, which abut the launching pad.

And a great big carload of gratitude goes to Monterey's finest; Chief Backhaus and his crew for their diligent patrols and protection, and Fire Chief Ray Tryon and his team for their fire safety precautions and watchful eyes. And a round of applause for the Monterey Park Commission for all their help at the beach and beyond.

LakeFest 2002 was free for all, in large part due to the most generous contributions from Monterey's business community. The fireworks grand finale was sponsored by M. D. Amstead & Associates and Tryon Construction. (Talk about getting a bang for your buck!) Benchmark Realty, Del Martin Automotive, and the Monterey Fire Department sponsored our little night music. Other fireworks sponsors included Makuc Lawn Service, Kinne's Grove, Grenadier Pottery, Hebert Realty, and Randall Construction—and at the Thousand Spangled Chrysanthemums level, Gould Farm, Monterey Coffee Club, Monterey General Store/Berkshire Country Properties, Southern Berkshire Homes, William Brockman Real Estate, and someone named anonymous. Thank you Monterey businesses. (And thank you, anonymous, wherever you are.)

Now let's see if I can reach around and pat my back, along with all the other hard-working members of the Lake Garfield Association whose endless efforts, midnight meetings, and numerous personal sacrifices (so I'm getting a little carried away) made LakeFest 2002 a reality. Kathie Frome, our president, grew the vision and more than anyone, made it happen. The dynamic duo of Len and Marion Simon led the way for fundraising, membership, financial fortitude, and lots more. Janet Cathcart (from Los Angeles, no less) did an awesome job planning and coordinating, in addition to designing/printing publicity cards/posters and shipping them cross-country. Janet arrived here just a day before the Big Day. June Rochedeau, Arthur Monk, Harriet Harvey and Marilyn Goldstein all deserve our thanks, as well.

LakeFest 2002 will be a tough act to top—but, the Lake Garfield Association plans to do just that. On August 16, 2003. Write down the date. Tattoo it on your arm. You don't want to miss it.

Thank you, Monterey, for making LakeFest 2002 such a super success.

— Hy Rosen


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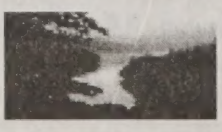

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## Falconry and Goshawks at Bidwell House Museum

**Saturday, September 7, 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.:** Darryl A. Perkins, President of the North American Falconer's Association will present a program on Goshawks and Falconry. Mr. Perkins is the author of a recent publication titled *Understanding Goshawks*. His presentation will feature live birds and a discussion of the art of falconry. Come meet these beautiful birds of prey in person and learn how they survive in the wild. This is sure to be an educational event for the entire family.

The museum, located on Art School Road in Monterey, is open for tours through October 20 from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday. At other times, it may be viewed by appointment. Admission is free.

For more information please call The Bidwell House Museum, (413) 528-6888 or visit our website at www.bidwellhousemuseum.org.

— Candace Thayer


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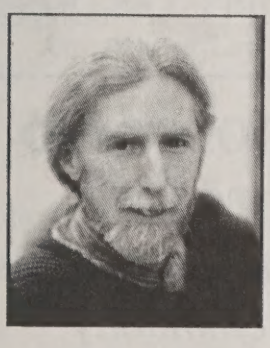

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## Natasha Grotz Receives Fellowship Award

Natasha Grotz, a predoctoral graduate student in molecular biology at Dartmouth College, has been selected to receive the 2002 American Women in Science Fellowship. The fellowship award, in memory of Dr. Amy Lutz, is given annually for outstanding graduate work in plant biology. Academic achievement, the quality of research, and the student's potential for future contributions to science are the criteria for selection.

Ms. Grotz, a 1990 graduate of Mount Everett Regional High School, received her Bachelor's Degree from Dartmouth College in 1995. She is the daughter of Stefan and Stephanie Grotz, of Main Road.

## Historical Society Talk on Lost Airplane

On May 29, 1919, Captain Mansell R. James, a WWI ace and winner of the first Pulitzer Air Race, took off from a field in Tyringham. He was never seen again. Lanny Lanoue will present the intriguing story of the lost airplane and its pilot on Friday, September 13, at 7:30 p.m. in the General Knox Museum wing of the Monterey Library,

Lanny Lanoue of Monterey is an amateur historian, archeologist, scuba diver, rower, pilot, and race car enthusiast. He will present the results of his research on the lost plane and pilot, which promises to be a fascinating story.

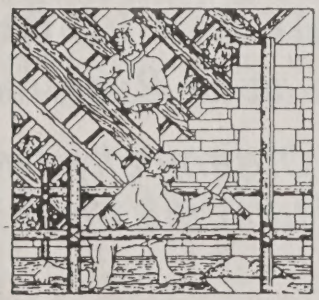
Refreshments will be served.

## Free Mime Theater at Sandisfield Arts Center

Robert Rivest, one of America's most sought-after mimes, appears at the Sandisfield Arts Center on Sunday, September 1, at 1 p.m. A former student of Marcel Marceau, Rivest performs throughout the United States and Europe. He has written and choreographed over ninety original works and currently receives national television exposure through his Heinz "Family Works" appearances.

Known for his unique ability to reach audiences of all ages, Robert Rivest offers performances that are humorous, compassionate and inspiring. This family program is offered free of charge through grants from the Sandisfield Cultural Council and regional foundations.

The Sandisfield Arts Center is located on Hammertown Road off Route 57 in Sandisfield. For more information, call (413) 258-4953.

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## Beautiful Bountiful Berkshires Harvest Festival

The fourth annual Beautiful Bountiful Berkshires (BBB) Harvest Festival and Silent Auction begins at 6:30 p.m. on Monday, September 23, at Eastover Resort in Lenox. Hosted by Berkshire Grown, the local food and farm advocacy organization, the fall festival celebrates our area's restaurateurs and farmers. The event has become a memorable staple for its outstanding food, served up by more than twenty restaurant chefs in a hospitable setting.

Beautiful Bountiful Berkshires began in 1999 when Berkshire Grown, needing an annual fund-raiser, decided to capitalize on its natural constituency—growers and chefs—to entice the public to taste the region's bounty. A silent auction was offered, and it has become so popular that it now provides almost half of the fund-raiser's proceeds. In 2001, BBB netted almost $20,000, half of which represented auction profit.

Berkshire Grown hopes to increase this year's fund-raising efforts, to help make up for the severe cutback in state funding. The goal is to raise $35,000, an increase of more than 50% over last year's event.

Eastover Resort in Lenox has been a strong Berkshire Grown supporter, offering its facilities gratis to the organization for the last four years. Restaurants, too, are generous donors to Berkshire Grown. The restaurant roster for this year's BBB includes Babalouie's, Blantyre, Castle St. Café, Hudson's, Kripalu, Martin's, Old Inn on the Green, Seven Hills, Spigalina, Marketplace Kitchen, Red Lion Inn, Wheatleigh, Rouge, A Mano, Colonel Bullock's, Sullivan Station, Verdura, Williamsville Inn, Gateways Inn, Moore Fine Food, Farm Country Soup, and West County Cider and Winery.

The menus are not yet final because the chefs depend on the best farm-fresh items, but last year's selections included roasted vegetable risotto, goat cheese and mushroom strudel, tian of local vegetables with seared scallops, grilled pizza insalata, tomato consommé with raviolini and basil oil, pear and blue cheese tarts, pasture-raised rosemary chicken with corn, polenta pie with fresh pears, Grandma Kelly's bread pudding, heirloom apple pie with ice cream, and Shaker pumpkin squares. Hungry readers can expect the same type of tantalizing tastes at this year's BBB.

There will be about thirty-five silent auction items this year, featuring meals at local restaurants, unique tours of Berkshire artisanal food producers, locally made goods, spa packages, and services. This potpourri of excellent items includes a one-hour studio session with Monterey potter Ellen Grenadier; a one-week stay at a private home in Santa Fe or Kiawah; dinners at Red Lion Inn, Blantyre, Wheatleigh, Old Inn on the Green, Hudson's, John Andrews, and other restaurants; personal tours of Berkshire Mountain Bakery, Barrington Coffee, High Lawn Farm, Stellar Pasta, Berkshire Botanical Garden, Norman Rockwell Museum, and other area attractions; spa packages at Canyon Ranch and Kripalu . . . and more, much more!

Tickets are $50 for nonmembers, $40 for members, and $25 for farmers. Tickets can be ordered by calling 413-528-0041. Call now, as this event always sells out! For more information on Berkshire Grown, check out the web site www.berkshiregrown.org.

BG farm members in Monterey include newly opened Green Haven Farm (on Route 23 beside the Monterey Firehouse), Gould Farm and Roadside Store, Lowland Farm, and Rawson Brook Farm.

— Laurily Epstein


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## Sandisfield Arts Center Seeks Programs for 2003

The programming committee of the Sandisfield Arts Center is currently seeking applications for its 2003 performing arts series and youth/family programs.

The series takes place between June and November and features theater, dance, music of all kinds, readings, and unique programs that are appropriate for the intimate setting of the main hall (which seats 160) and the lower level "café" (which seats 90). Artists' works are displayed on the lower level and free youth/family programs are sponsored by grants from local cultural councils and foundations.

Artists and performers may apply by sending a letter with background information to: George Preston, Sandisfield Arts Center, P.O. Box 31, Sandisfield, MA 01255. Youth program applications should be sent to Sue Salame, 74 Rood Hill Rd., Sandisfield, MA 01255.

All performers are encouraged to seek cultural council funding. Applications are due October 15th, 2002. For more information on the Sandisfield Cultural Council, please call Charlene Peet at (413) 258-4166.

Will Marsh

*Looking for bargains at Library's annual used book sale*

## Welcome, Mark and Langdon Holloway

Last year Mark and Langdon Holloway began a systematic search for a second home within a 150-mile radius of New York City. They searched for an old house in a somewhat rural setting, possibly near water. All things considered, they were attracted to the Monterey community. A real estate agent helped them find a peaceful old house facing Stevens Lake. The house is a comfortable combination of the old and the new. The nineteenth-century house is graced by a contemporary sunroom surrounded by bird feeders and happy goldfinch families. The lower part of the home is eighteenth century and may have served as a tavern. A flowering rock garden with its own waterfall completes the bucolic setting.

Mark grew up in Fosteria, Ohio while Langdon is from Newburyport, Massachusetts. They have lived in Montclair, New Jersey, since 1976. They are both active in community affairs and are members of Union Congregational Church. Mark has served as the church moderator.

Mark has worked for Goldman Sachs in New York City for thirty-one years. Langdon is a professional social worker who has had a productive career working with the seriously mentally ill and the drug addicted. At present she is a practicing therapist, pursuing a Ph.D. at Rutgers University. Their son, Andrew, is enrolled in Stern School of Business at NYU.

— Royal and Jana Shepard


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# Senator Says

Over the past few months, there has been much activity in and around our rivers and streams in western Massachusetts. Some of this work is in response to past actions that have damaged our natural resources. Yet, other measures are examples of proactive approaches that educate and demonstrate effective environmental stewardship.

## Cleanup Work on Housatonic River Proceeding

In Pittsfield, General Electric is in the process of completing its mandated removal of more than 8,200 cubic yards of river sediment and 5,600 cubic yards of riverbank from the Housatonic River. The Upper ½-Mile Reach Removal Action was ordered in October 1999 as part of the PCB Consent Decree, and includes the removal of contaminated soils from the river between the Newell Street and Lyman Street bridges. The company has also treated more than 140 million gallons of water from this half-mile stretch of river.

Once the first half-mile cleanup is completed and approved by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), the second phase will begin, which engineers anticipate will be this summer. The 1 ½-Mile Reach Removal Action will be conducted by EPA, and will employ similar techniques to those currently being used in the first half-mile. All contaminated materials removed from the river will be placed at the GE facility in Pittsfield, and later moved to the GE On-Plant Consolidation Areas.

In many ways, this has been a long and arduous process, especially for those residents who live in contaminated areas. I applaud your patience and willingness to work with General Electric and state and federal agencies. Quoting EPA Regional Administrator Robert Varney, "The GE-Pittsfield site continues to be a top priority for EPA. We are in this for the long haul."

## Commonwealth Highlights Local River Projects

There was good news from the state Department of Fisheries, Wildlife and Environmental Law Enforcement, which awarded Riverways Urban Grants to the Towns of Adams and Becket, and to the Great Barrington Land Conservancy. The commonwealth, through its Riverways Programs, recognized these projects because of their collective value to habitat restoration, increased access to and protection of land along rivers, and raising community awareness about rivers and streams.

The Town of Adams received $9,350 for public outreach, education and a visioning process to support restoration of the concrete flood chutes in the Hoosic River. These flood chutes do not accommodate aquatic wildlife and are considered by many locals to be unattractive and unwelcoming. Funding will also assist the town in its efforts to explore the potential for a downtown river walk. Enhanced access to the Hoosic River could play an important role in the downtown's revitalization.

In Becket, the town received $10,000 for engineering plans for the breaching, or removal, of the Ballou and Silk Mill Dams along Yokum Brook in the Westfield River watershed. The Ballou and Silk Mill Dams are barriers to Atlantic salmon migration and resident trout movement. These dams are located approximately a quarter mile from one another, and prevent access to about six miles of upstream fish habitat. The project is an example of a successful partnership that includes residents, town officials, private organizations, and state and federal agencies.

The Great Barrington Land Conservancy was awarded $8,000 to create a River Walk Raingarden at the entrance to the Housatonic River Walk in Great Barrington. The Great Barrington River Walk, under the vision of Rachel Fletcher and others, has been a key element to reconnecting the town with the Housatonic River. The raingarden will illustrate how natural systems can help clean stormwater runoff from urban areas by creating a human-made wetland, planted with flowering native species that will filter water before it returns to the river.

— State Sen. Andrea F. Nuciforo, Jr.


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## Hazardous Waste Collections for September and October

Residents of Monterey and other towns that form the South Berkshire Household Hazardous Waste Collaborative may dispose of unwanted oil paint, stains, paint thinners, turpentine, and used motor oil, at the following collections:

**Saturday, Sept. 14, 9 a.m.–noon,** Great Barrington: Transfer Station, Rte. 7, across from Monument Mountain High School.

**Saturday, Oct. 5, 9–11 a.m.,** Otis Transfer Station, 538 West Center Rd., off Route 23, near intersection with Route 8.

**Saturday, Oct. 19, 9–11 a.m.,** Lenox Dept. of Public Works, 275 Main St./Rte. 7A, across from MassHighway offices.

Please note that Great Barrington and Housatonic residents can bring oil based paint and motor oil to the Great Barrington Recycling Center any time it is open.

Preregistration is required by calling the Center for Ecological Technology (CET) at 445-4556 or 800-238-1221 or email jamiec@cetonline.org. Refer to http://www.cetonline.org/Events/events.htm page for more information about acceptable material and additional collection opportunities.

Latex paint will not be collected at any of these events. Dried latex paint can be disposed of with regular trash. Kitty litter or newspaper can be used to absorb the excess liquid until it is dry. Empty cans of oil based paint, stains and solvents can be disposed with the regular trash as well.

A Household Hazardous Waste collection is planned for **Saturday, September 28, from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m** at the Great Barrington Transfer Station, Route 7, across from Monument Mountain High School. Household hazardous products to the collection for safe disposal or product recycling. The program is free to residents of participating towns. Preregistration is required with CET at the above numbers by Thursday, September 26.

Any product labelled "caution, toxic, poison, flammable" can be brought to the collection and should not be discarded in the trash. Paint thinners and solvents, pesticides, mercury fever thermometers, drain cleaners, and gasoline are examples of acceptable items. Mercury-containing button batteries and rechargeable cellphone and tool batteries are accepted as well. Alkaline batteries can be disposed of in household trash.

This collection includes a mercury fever thermometer exchange. Residents eligible for this collection can bring in their mercury thermometers and receive one free digital thermometer per family. Exposure to the mercury from a broken thermometer can cause health problems, especially for small children. If mercury products go into the trash and are incinerated or buried in landfills that may leak, mercury becomes airborne, enters our waterways, and is consumed by fish that we eat. The digital thermometers are provided by the Department of Environmental Protection. Package the glass thermometers so they do not break.

The average American household generates about twenty pounds of hazardous waste per year. Proper disposal reduces air and water pollution and helps protect public health and the environment.

## American Operetta at Sandisfield Arts Center

On Saturday, September 21 at 8 p.m., Broadway music director Jack Lee and a quartet of singers will present a program of American operetta. Mr. Lee, who once studied under Victor Herbert's assistant, will offer insights into the actual style and performance practice of this repertoire, which is surprisingly gutsy and emotionally true.

Lee is one of the most respected musical directors in the theater. Over the years he has worked with such stars as Joel Grey, Lauren Bacall, Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, Debbie Reynolds, Burt Lancaster, Tommy Tune, and Sandy Duncan. He is a contributing staff member of NYU and Carnegie Mellon University and frequent guest conductor with major symphony orchestras in the U.S. He was the subject of a PBS documentary which won an Emmy, and found time to work on the filming of such shows as *Sweet Charity* and *Postcards from the Edge* with Shirley MacLaine. In 1997, he traveled to Israel with a team of American artists to work with Israeli singers and actors on the musical theater techniques and style that America is noted for.

The Sandisfield Arts Center is on Hammertown Road off Rt. 57 in Sandisfield. Tickets are $15 at the door. For information, or reservations, call (413) 258-3309.


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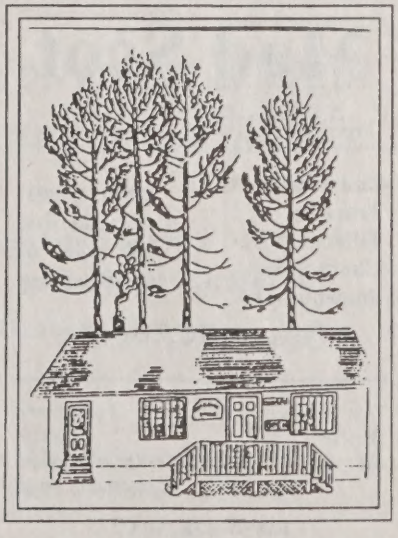

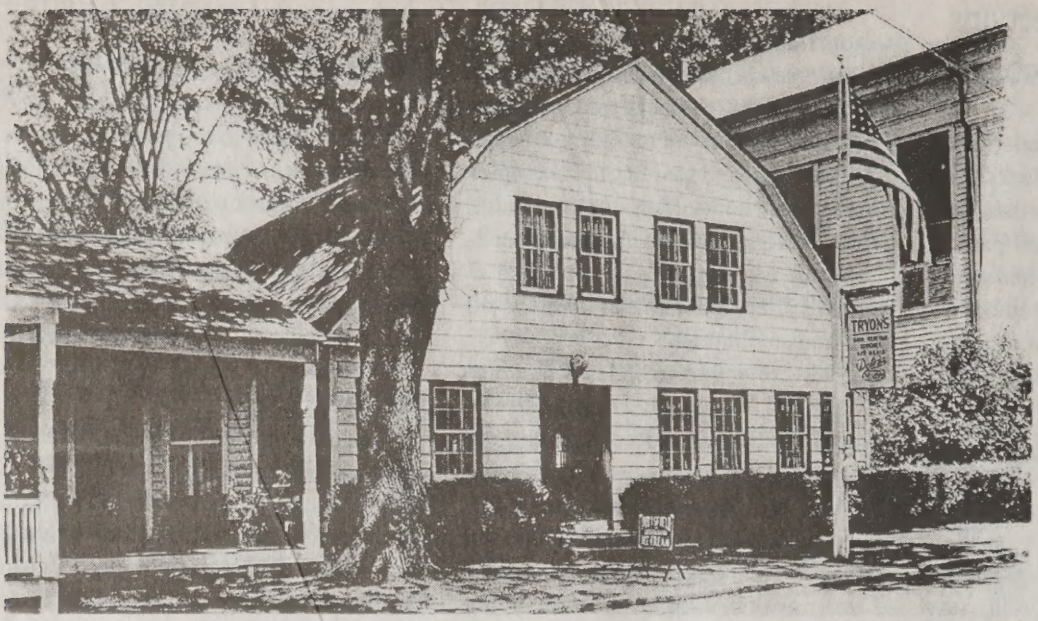


## Tryon's Tea Room

### Monterey's Gathering Place

In 1886, Bert Tryon and family took possession of a large fourteen-room house with rambling barn, and an empty two-room barbershop, all sitting adjacent to the Monterey Meetinghouse.

Given to enjoying an after dinner cigar, but relegated to the greater outdoors by his wife Lilia, Bert joined the other men who congregated on the porch of Langdon's store (now our General Store) every evening. As winter approached he saw the need to move indoors, and soon his smoking buddies followed—to the warmth of fellowship around the potbellied stove in the little barbershop. This gathering place was an instant success, and quickly Bert was selling peanuts, tobacco, and candy to his friends.

Not to be outdone, Lilia Tryon and her two sisters started a bakery in the other room of the barbershop, offering their homemade breads, cakes, and pies. After a year—unable to keep up with all the orders—they closed their endeavor down. Meanwhile, the Ladies' Aid Society (church auxiliary) frequently used the space for meetings, quilting projects, and the like.

Once the bakery was closed, the family elected to try their hands at homemade ice cream, using cream from the Berkshire Hills Co-operative Creamery down the road. After all, they thought, many "cityfolk" now spent their summers in Monterey, and the camps, cottages, and boarding houses clustered about the lake would surely provide them with many a customer, in addition to the "regulars." Small tables and chairs were added to the bakery side of the shop, now called Tryon's Tea Room.

By 1928 the original space was simply too small for its popularity. So in a record two and a half months—from April 19th to June 28th—Bert, his son Wallace, the family, and a few additional tradespeople built and opened the spacious, always uninsulated, gambrel-style structure you see in town center today.

For the next thirty-one years, every spring, Tryon's Tea Room would receive a thorough cleaning, its floors would be oiled with used motor oil, and Monterey's gathering place would throw open its welcoming double doors.

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As you entered the Tea Room, looking right and center you would see many wooden Shaker-style tables and chairs; against the two left walls were glass front cases holding such diversity as smokes, postcards, souvenirs, and fancy chocolates weighed and sold by the pound. Ahead would be a two-faced fireplace and small woodstove used to drive away the chill on crisp fall evenings.

Without question, however, the very heart of Tryon's Tea Room—for all those many years—was a beautiful white marble soda fountain. People would order their cones, sodas, and sundaes at the fountain, then seat themselves at a table.

Everyone in the Tryon family did his or her share of the work. There was butter to be churned, "fizzy water" to be fizzed, and ice cream to be made and carried across the backyard. The soda fountain and cases had to be restocked, customers had to be waited on, and kitchen tasks had to be accomplished. Della, chief cook and work engine of the Tea Room, began her work day at 6:00 a.m. Nina, always a social gadabout, would also help out in various ways.

*Dean Ensign and Ruth Tinker at the marble soda fountain in the Tea Room (Photographs courtesy June and Ray Tryon)*

And yes . . . early on, the Tea Room had its very own juke box! In the mid 50s one could hear Elvis Presley loud and clear as camp counselors, "city folks," and Monterey regulars gathered to dance, snack, and socialize. Tryon's Tea Room saw many a late night!

After WW II gasoline became much more plentiful and people naturally began to travel further and further afield. Slowly Monterey center became less and less central . . . and one sad day, in 1959, Tryon's Tea Room shut its double doors. The marble soda fountain and other familiar items were all sold off and eventually carted away.

For forty-three years now, Tryon's Tea Room has sat in her usual spot, largely empty—as if waiting for a good spring cleaning and the oiling of her well-worn wooden floors.

— Eileen Lawlor

*Thanks to Ray and June Tryon for graciously providing oral history and photographs. I hope to continue to collect and transcribe an oral history of the Tea Room. Anyone who has a story about it is encouraged to contact me at 528-7916.*

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# The Sick Hobo

*I been lyin' here*
*so long*
*that now I walk*
*through invisible gates*
*just for the heck of it.*

*trouble is, you see*
*one day*
*I won't know which side*
*I'm by*

*yesterday*
*I saw a god of doors*
*he's two-faced.*
*I reckon*
*that's why*
*he told me*
*there's only one number*
*of doors*
*you can go through in a lifetime*
*then you've had it.*
*now I wonder*
*what's yours?*

*II*

*Once*
*a devilish cute little girl*
*stopped me and asked:*
*"Mister, where do you get*
*your patches?"*

*I told her:*
*"Honey, your inside*
*and your outside*
*never matches."*

*III*

*I bet*
*I'm the only one*
*you ever met*
*who traveled a thousand miles*
*just to sleep*
*in a boxcar full of sawdust*
*all soppin' wet.*

*them were the sometime days*
*you betcha!*
*acres of clouds*
*and no crop*
*but trouble*
*empty tracks*
*a-hummin' in the moonlight*
*and after the train goes past*
*they hums double*

*IV*

*You walk so far, son,*
*you end up standing*
*still*
*and the road*
*the folks*
*and the time o' day*
*they just pass you by -*
*they don't see you no more*
*you think of home*
*as it never really was*
*and the wind starts blowin'*
*so you button, if you gotta coat*
*and keep on goin'.*

*V*

*I couldn't count*
*the fires*
*I've lit in corners*
*or out in wide spaces*
*now, I lie here*
*and they flicker 'round in my head*
*like faces*
*ones I'd clean forgotten.*
*faces, nothin' but faces.*

*VI*

*I slept in a circus*
*once*
*right in the middle of the ring -*
*I dreamt*
*there was folks all around*
*laughin' and clappin'*
*at me and a white horse*
*boy, it was great!*
*in the morning*
*a fresh kid came and chased me out.*
*"Who do you think you are," he said,*
*a clown?"*
*"Buddy," I told him,*
*"there ain't nothin' funny*
*in this town."*
*Now, come to think of it*
*I ain't so sure.*

*VII*

*I once knew a girl.*
*she worked in a diner*
*in Carolina or Massachusetts,*
*I forgot*
*she was good at making soups.*
*I remember in December*
*we went out in the snow*
*and looked at shop windows.*
*she lost a mitten*
*so she held my hand*
*all the way home*
*to keep out the cold*
*my,*
*I wish now*
*I wasn't old.*

*VIII*

*Anyways,*
*next week*
*I'm quittin this shiny bed —*
*let my hair grow*
*whiskers, mebbe*
*believe me, son,*
*I'm gonna lift this broken load*
*gonna walk it right through*
*door number eighty thousand and two*
*and hit the road*
*or I'm dead.*

— A. O. Howell

## Tutto Suolo Divino

*bold nites in the old walled town*
*high on its Umbrian hill*
*January's shadow filled*
*with the flickering lite down*
*improvisation's alleys*
*and centuried vias*
*protected by Maria*
*cobbled now with queer jazzers*
*gettin' down with cinghiale*
*yeah, that wild boar of musing*
*don't want no one accusing*
*their jammin' from the stalla*
*hear that funky Illy riff?*
*pandera and Wood-Mans bass*
*and groaning comes to the stage*
*Mo Jester's organ as if*
*the blues were something growing*
*out from underneath the rocks*
*perfuming all these hillocks*
*of blind love and unknowing*
*Roberto's singing to us*
*from his own hill house festooned*
*on paths ancient as the moon*
*full these nites, omnipitus*
*we'll walk with our precious oil*
*to Grey Bepe's cantina*
*trade olive's song for vino:*
*footprint poems of the soil*
*tell the cook we love Nonna*
*her chickpea soup is sacred*
*our young soul hungry, naked*
*as the babe of Madonna*
*how true against the terror*
*we swing and sway to rhythms*
*ripe as Italian lemons*
*marinating Hate's bearer*
*look again my love, the moon*
*fingers up those gibbous chords*
*each moment its own reward*
*gestures from an ancient tune*
*listen to its lunar lines:*
*"cingiale's in the uva*
*cervo's in the oliva*
*and man is in Paradise*
*proclaiming with one big bite*
*'damn this garden, these flowers,*
*subvert my greatest towers'*
*as he tears the moon lit nite"*
*we huddle inside the bars*
*young lovers against the cold*
*winter, leaning on the old*
*stone walls just below the stars*
*and somehow Sagrantino*
*reminds us from where we came*
*our soils, our varied terrains*
*tutto suolo divino*
*tutto suolo divino*
*tutto suolo divino*
*across the cold piazza*
*the bells ring up the evening:*
*nine bells, nine bells, my darling*
*nine bells, mia ragazza*

— R. Zukowski

## Cool Cat

*My fat cat is an affable blob, lying belly-down,*
*on top of a computer, and his white knotty paws hang just over the screen.*
*Scotty's green eyes are so at ease they're brainless.*
*His clear-pink nose sits moist above his Mona Lisa grin.*
*His shaggy ears curl up like ribbons,*
*and the soft colors of his fur stretch between his eyebrow whiskers.*
*I wish I could be my cat,*
*lie down on my stomach, and cool down like his distant eyes.*

— Jacob Aron Weisman

# September 11, 2001

The world changed forever that day. We Americans changed forever that day. That day will always be a part of each of us. Each has his or her own story. This is mine.

I awoke with a start in our apartment in Gateway, one block from the southwest corner of the World Trade Center. It was 8:46 a.m. I didn't realize then what had awakened me. "I've overslept," I thought, scrambling out of bed. "I'll be late for my walk with Deb." As I was putting eggs on to boil, the phone rang. It was 8:55. "Are you all right?" asked Bob, my husband, sounding terrible. "A plane crashed into Tower One across the street." My mind flashed to the Empire State Building years ago when a small plane had struck it. Must be a similar thing. Another phone call, Deb, sounding really upset, "A terrorist attack!" "No, no," I reassured her, "just an accident." "OK, then let's walk at 9:15, I have to call my mother in Rhode Island to tell her it's all right," she replied. I turned on the TV as I put on my sneakers. A few people, maybe ten, were standing below my window on the river watching Tower One burn.

9:03. Out my bedroom window I saw a dot in the west. "Oh good, a rescue helicopter." Then, in a nanosecond, I knew we were at war. The plane went by my window so fast that it looked like a two-seater fighter plane. There was no mistaking its energy—pure kill. At 564 miles an hour I saw it hit on my TV screen several seconds before I heard the deafening roar of its engines. I think I moved quickly; I know I got out in just a few minutes, but I had no experience of time, just of a deafening clarity. I know now that I was already in shock. I remember the TV saying that 55,000 people were in the towers—horrifying. One woman was being interviewed who had called in from the 24th floor of WTC 7, and I thought, "Get out, NOW!" In a panic, I called Deb and our friend, Kerri, "Get your dogs and meet me in the lobby, we are at war!" Then a call to Bob: "I'm leaving the building." I put my kitten in his carrier and ran for my life with my sunglasses and keys. Waiting for the elevator I thought, "Should I go back for my purse? Could cost me my life. Knock on all my neighbors' doors? If I miss the elevator I may have to take the stairs twenty-eight flights—could be too late." I was amazed that the elevator from the 35th floor had only five people in it when I stepped on, but by the 21st floor frantic people couldn't be fit in; we were packed. Only the foreign born, an Asian woman and a redhead from Eastern Europe, were crying. I guess we Americans still couldn't believe what was happening to us.

On the ground I felt better. Porters were keeping people from going upstairs. The look in the eyes of our doorman, Phillipe, is in my mind and heart forever. He was on the phone surrounded by people, all in a panic, all trying to get his attention. I had heard that he had been fired once for letting a tenant in distress use the desk telephone, but there was such a huge protest that he was reinstated. I knew he would never leave his post, no matter how his life was threatened. Recently I asked him what he was thinking that day at 9:15. He told me that, unlike most people, he was sure the buildings were coming down, but it never occurred to him that they would implode; he thought they would just topple, and he kept thinking over and over, "Which direction will it be? Which direction?"

I stood there for a few minutes waiting for Kerri and Deb, then thought, "Better get away from all this glass," and joined the line of my neighbors exiting out the back to the river. We stood watching, hundreds of us, the esplanade littered with women's high heels, yachts in the marina next door getting under way in minutes, the towers burning and burning. Some men on the high floors of my building with a good view of the Trade Center were yelling "Come on up!" Porters shouted back, "Get down here!" People streamed by with their pets. Kerri found me; she'd run out with only her puppy, her camera, and the clothes on her back, but had brought a bag for my kitten in case I didn't have a carrier. I'll never forget that kindness.

Then we saw people jumping. The psychiatrist from our building started sobbing. I said, "There must be a net!" I just couldn't let it in. Kerri said, "A net wouldn't help." We just watched. I kept thinking what courage it took, not thinking about what drove them. Deb still

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*Lone Tower: North Tower after South Tower fell*

hadn't come out. Later we learned that she had gotten caught in the burning debris and was running along the water with her three dogs, choking, barely able to breathe, thinking, "I'm going to die now. Well, that's not such a bad thing, I just hope my puppies come with me." Just then she was rescued.

I saw the flames in Tower One break out fifteen stories lower and said, "This thing could go, we'd better get out of here." Kerri and I followed the river north, stopping from time to time as she took pictures. Most people were still standing and watching. A man in a uniform was trying to get people to move: "There's a third plane coming!" Later I heard many were killed in the Winter Garden by flying glass because they stayed to watch and drink their lattes. When we were at the north end of Rockefeller Park behind a large brick residential building, we heard a tremendous crash. People raced past shouting, "Get to the water, get to the water!" I thought it was the third plane and couldn't figure how the water would help. It was 9:59. Tower Two had just come down.

People kept racing past as we kept walking north and east, the air still crystal clear around us. Our destination was the office of Kerri's friend in Tribeca. When we arrived I called Bob. "I'm glad you called!" What must it have been like for him, waiting to hear from me, watching the towers burn and fall? Kerri, who had been out on the balcony taking pictures, came running in. "Get out of here, NOW!" 10:28: Tower One had just come down. People were running up West Broadway, the debris cloud at their backs. This time we didn't stop until we got to Jerry Keitel's apartment at 33rd and Third. At about 28th Street the city got more normal, people were walking other directions than north. It felt so strange one minute to be a citizen of a country, able to eat, drink, move at will, and go home, and the next not even be able to get a glass of water.

We rang Jerry's bell. No answer. Where was he? He had told Kerri to come and bring Deb and me. Kerri went down to the doorman and came back with a key. "This won't do a bit of good, he always triple locks." The door opened. Jerry had evidently dashed to catch the elevator, not taking time for the other two locks. That was just one sign that we were incredibly protected. When Jerry came home with some money, Kerri and I went out for food. The supermarket was bursting with panicked New Yorkers, and about 140 people were in the line to check out. Back at Jerry's, like the rest of the world we watched TV. We kept saying, "Is that picture live?" "Is our building still standing?" Around three in the afternoon I thought, "Did I leave eggs boiling on the stove?" I had, but once again I "lucked" out. The gas in our apartment complex had been turned off when Tower Two came down.

After dinner, my arms and shoulders started screaming in pain, strained by lugging the cat and carrier all those blocks. I hadn't noticed a thing at the time. That night, on Jerry's open-up couch with Bob and Willie, our kitten, I tried to sleep, but was too raw. I prayed for everyone on both sides of the war. I saw myself and all the world safe and happy. Then I asked for the help of a firefighter who had passed that day. I do believe that life is eternal and that they are there for us, loving us and wanting to help. Someone named Hank, I thought, came and a wave of peace swept over me, THE peace. I slept a few hours.


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We moved from friend to friend that week. Then friends offered us their three-bedroom apartment in our old building. Providence again, putting us the next best place to home. Those first few days we were one world, one nation, and one city. There was no traffic in New York, only rescue vehicles and sirens constantly screeching. If you asked a policeman something, he didn't know, because he was from Des Moines, or Riverside, or Atlanta. Strangers held onto one another, embracing and crying. We walked for hours each day in that gorgeous weather. On September 12th, we stood on line with hundreds of our neighbors trying to get the rest of the pets out, but failed. Authorities didn't know if our buildings were sound enough to enter. We'd line the street and cry and cheer as the rescue workers went by, looking embarrassed by all the attention. We couldn't help ourselves, we were so grateful, so moved. People were everywhere asking to help, asking if you wanted them to pray with you. They had come from all over the nation.

On Friday, September 14th, Bob and I decided to try to get into our apartment. His ID is all Massachusetts and mine was in the apartment. After President Bush left Ground Zero, around 6:00 p.m., we walked through the police line in a crowd of people. We kept walking, eyes straight ahead. Safely behind the barricade, Bob found Sergeant Foley, who was required to walk residents to their apartments and help them bring their belongings out. We met a couple from the next building. The wife and I just embraced wordlessly and cried. They had two small children and said they were coming back. We said we were too. We could barely believe what we were seeing as we walked south along the water toward our apartment complex. In the three days since the attack, workers had cleaned up the debris and remains eight to ten inches deep that had filled our courtyard and the entire neighborhood, but the sidewalks and streets were gray and gummy, pieces of paper and belongings were in all the plantings and hanging from trees, and every building surface was totally covered. There were piles of mangled vehicles several stories high on our street. As we entered our building, Sergeant Foley warned us that our apartment might not be as we remembered it. He said he had opened doors to nothing but ruins. But it was the same. In fact, its familiarity seemed strange when everything else had changed so profoundly. Then I saw the "dust" on everything and felt enormous reverence. We really are all one—how fitting.

Downstairs, dragging our belongings on our carts as we tried to negotiate the huge fire hoses everywhere, we were asked by a young rescue worker from Greenwich, Connecticut, if we wanted to look around. He led us into the Amex Building and we tried to get our bearings in a place we had known so well. Not one window was left; huge piles of debris and glass were everywhere. Then he took us to the corner of West and Liberty, our corner. We stood watching the firemen and volunteers removing debris bucket by bucket in the burning silence. I felt tremendous sadness and an incredible peace. "Why peace?" I thought. "Oh, it's over, it's over, the planes are no longer coming after me." I realized then that I was bonded with every civilian who ever ran from the enemy. And it started to dawn on me how terrified I must have been if this scene, *this*, was comforting.

The next days and weeks as we listened to our neighbors' stories, Kerri and I understood even more deeply how protected we had been. Some people were injured jumping into rescue boats, others in the dark stairwells. Every window facing east in the building next door to us was demolished, dogs inside killed by flying glass. An I-beam landed on South End Avenue and one went into the Chase Bank on the corner. Some people froze and were killed where they stood. A neighbor ran so hard to save his life that he couldn't walk for six weeks. He had witnessed a woman and child thrown in the air seven stories with the car under which they were hiding. Many were directed to basements until they had to move due to the fear of gas leaks. When each tower came down it was pitch black for about fifteen minutes. Most thought it was the end, that it was nuclear. People were jumping in the river to escape the burning debris. It was a terrible day for parents. Many ran, barely able to breathe, to the local school, only to find their children gone. A friend of my daughter was there with her children, age one and a half and three. Her frantic husband had made it as far south as Canal Street to rescue his family before the authorities stopped him. It was late Tuesday when he finally

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learned that they were safe. He could not speak for three days.

Back to work immediately, I didn't take time to grieve until early November. By day my spirituality supported me wonderfully, but I couldn't sleep. After two and a half months I went to an emdr therapist who helped me process my emotions. Emdr has a proven record of dealing well with trauma and was used extensively in the Oklahoma bombing. Many of the therapists including mine, Dr. Ronald Murphy, saw people pro bono. I was also training my mind: 1. Never look at the "happy faces," the pictures of the "missing." 2. Know that those who passed are alive still and are in bliss and in fact are with us, loving us always. 3. Think of the families as finding their way to their own spirituality and healing. I needed help with this one and as "luck" would have it, it came to me. Watching TV with Alice Somers, our predecessor at Rock Ridge in Monterey, we saw a young mother of three, widowed that day. They showed pictures of her family before, and you could tell they were really a happy family. She said, "We always told the children how lucky we were to be so happy." My heart was breaking for her. Then she continued, "I always believe that things happen for a reason, I don't know what this is . . . maybe to make my children stronger." I thought, if she can do it, I can find the positive here. She said too, "It's a great help to be with the other women and children and know that we can comfort one another." I will never forget her example of how to live.

Then, as always, I tried to focus on the stories of heroism and spirituality. Neighbors helped one another, carrying each other's small children and pets, when the call to evacuate came. Dave, our evening doorman and an ex-marine, Galan, our electrician, Glen, the assistant office manager, and Angel, longtime doorman in the next building, hid from the police who came to evacuate them and stayed that first night helping people out of the building, taking care of dogs and cats, even rescuing a badly burned squirrel. Dave walked up thirty-six flights of stairs to make sure there was no fire on the roof of our building. People had sung songs and held hands in Battery Park basements, trying to keep the children calm until they were all rescued. Hector, the wonderful man who runs our garage, worked to help as many residents as possible retrieve their cars until the electricity went off. Then, when the first tower came down, he took panicked people out the back door, barely able to open it against the force of the wind cloud. And he was back five days later, with only a dust mask, working day after day to reopen.

Ground Zero was the only place I felt energized. There was the tremendous sadness, but there was something else, something many felt and were to keep on feeling: it was The Peace. Armies of volunteers were there working together in that incredible sunlight. There were boot-washing stations, goggles stations, tents for prayer for all religions, a Red Cross ship feeding workers at tables thirty-five abreast, people from every state in the nation all pulling together. In those days you'd start talking to someone and end up hugging. Finally I confided in Kerri how energizing it felt at the site, as we now call it. She agreed. Was it the energy of so many who had come with such good intentions? Was it the loving, caring focus of most of the world? Now I feel it was the desire, the asking of millions for healing, which brought enormous life energy to the area.

We moved back to our apartment on January 31st. It felt like a frontier town. Everything was inconvenient, but we wanted to be there. Whenever a store reopened, my friends and I all went and celebrated. During Fleet Week in May, we wept as the ships came up the harbor, so beautiful, such an affirmation of life. Kerri, a professional photographer, and our friend Marlene are writing an inspirational book on 9/11. Deb and I take our morning walks once again, enjoying the gardens, which are more beautiful than ever. Our Station House Ten on Liberty Street miraculously withstood the devastation and will be redone and reopened. Some of us struggle more than others to feel safe with all the low-flying planes; even the dogs and cats look up. But these days we rarely ask, "Were you home that day?", rarely think, "I'll go to fix my shoes across the street . . . no I won't". We don't even get upset at the sight of an old shopping bag from a store that is no longer there. And we can look at the site and include all of our feelings. We are here, we are staying, we are rebuilding, and we are very grateful.

Personally, I would not have been anywhere else that day, would not have missed the experience for the world, it was so rich with spiritual learning. Today Ground Zero is a very inspiring place to live. And it is subtle, but I feel them with me always.

— Ginny Duffy

*Lovingly dedicated to the residents and workers who came back to reclaim and rebuild Battery Park City.*

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# Pet Plant: The Purple Saracen

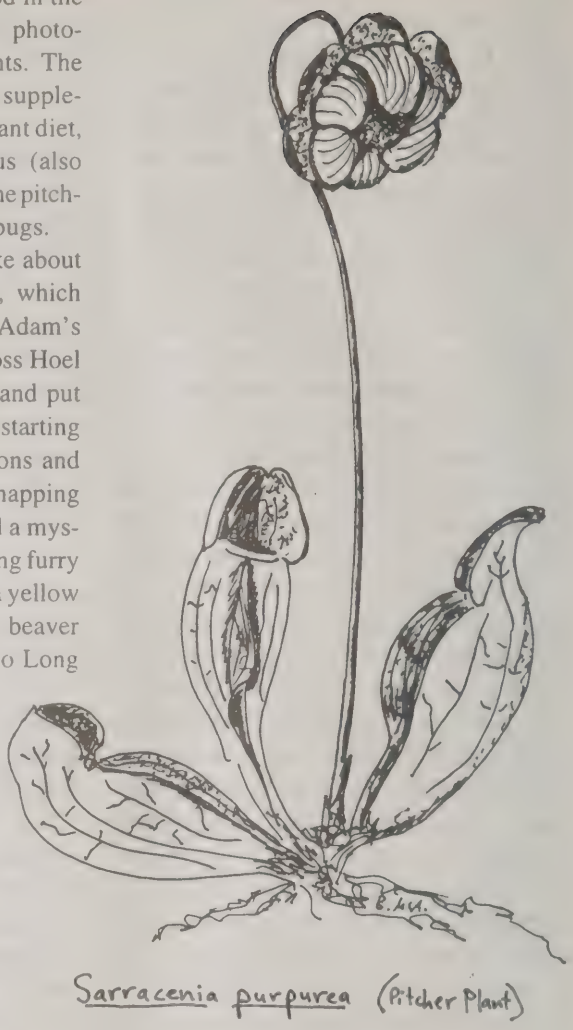
The Purple Saracen has many other names, but it has gone down in the taxonomic annals as *Sarracenia purpurea*. It is purple in its veins and perhaps Arabic in its strong curves, suggesting poetry in calligraphy or the graceful camel in motion. I think of flowing robes, of scimitars, and especially of the relief one feels in the botanical world whenever there is a fresh breath of nonradial symmetry.

This past week we have visited the splendid Arab in its native land—and all we had to do was drive to the Adirondacks. Here the creature is known as pitcher plant, which may seem like typical American utilitarianism talking. But in my historic botanical I find these: Adam's cup, bog bugle, dumb watches, whippoorwill's boots, sidesaddle flower, and smallpox plant, to list a few.

Pitcher plants are best-known for their ability to trap and digest insects. This they can do, like the sundews and flytraps. They also transport nutrients from their roots and produce food in the form of carbohydrates through photosynthesis, like other green plants. The meat meals (mainly insects) are supplemental to an otherwise typical plant diet, and like the other insectivorous (also known as "carnivorous") plants, the pitchers can go a long time between bugs.

There is something Eden-like about the habitat of the pitcher plant, which might explain its being called Adam's cup. We paddled our canoes across Hoel Pond, carried over the railroad, and put down in the motorless waterway starting with Turtle Pond. We passed loons and mergansers, great dinosaurian snapping turtles and kingfishers. We found a mysterious and dramatic wasp with long furry antennae and a bitchy woman in a yellow kayak. We carried again over a beaver dam into Slang Lake, portaged to Long Pond, and crossed the broad water to a secret swampy garden. In mid-July this summer it was wall-to-wall orchids; when we went back again to Eden late in August, the Saracen was dominant.

The water garden at the back of this bay in Long Pond is a flat place the size of four tennis courts. You can canoe all around it and admire many species of low green plants, up to about eight inches in height. Among these are the vessel-like basal leaves of the pitcher plants, some with red-to-purple veins and some quite green. They have a strong vertical ridge up the belly, a lip, and a hood. Some of these leaves lounge on their mossy surroundings and others stand up straight.

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Praise for Alice O. Howell's new book

This delicious, exhilirating marvel of a book has a pace, wit, and spiritual depth that will enchant children, galvanize adults to rediscover the wonder and creativity of their childhood selves, and ensure a wide readership. *The Beejum Book* will take its place with *The Little Princess* and *Charlotte's Web* as a perennial classic.
— Andrew Harvey, author of *The Direct Path*

Read this book to yourself or read it aloud to a young child, and delight in the hidden ironies of language and the pearls of wisdom you trip over when you least expect them. As *Alice in Wonderland* magically mirrored the Victorian world, so *The Beejum Book* mirrors ours.
— Marion Woodman, author of *Addiction to Perfection*

Gutsy humor, outlandish language, serious tomfoolery.
— Thomas Moore, author of *Care of the Soul*

They grow in a sort of rosette, from a common base, and this is the place where the blossom stalk grows. Not all of the plants put up flowers, but in this garden there were hundreds, and they stood up like periscopes as much as a foot above all the other plants.

The flower stalks are strong and slim, with no leaves. At the top is a nodding blossom that looks like something between a spaceship and a jelly fish. It is stout, with five fleshy petals that curve inward. There is a convex stigma toward which the petals curl and once the petals drop, this structure remains. It resembles a watch and one of the archaic common names for this plant is "dumb watches." It is said that children used to play with them, pretending they were watches, which, lacking any hands, were indeed "dumb."

Of all its attributes and fascinations, the one most striking to me is that which inspires the name "smallpox plant." Writing in 1892, Dr. Charles F. Millspaugh gives this account (in his book *American Medicinal Plants: An Illustrated and Descriptive Guide to Plants Indigenous to and Naturalized in the United States Which Are Used in Medicine*) of an incident in Canada in 1861:

"...where an epidemic of small-pox having broken out among the Indians, the disease had proved virulent in the extreme among the unprotected, because unvaccinated, natives. However, the alarm had greatly diminished on an old squaw going amongst them, and treating the cases with an infusion (of *Sarracenia* root.)."

John Josselyn, an Englishman who made two seventeenth-century visits to the Colonies, wrote in 1672 that pitcher plant was "excellent for all manner of fluxes." I'm not sure whether this implies (1.) if it is fluxes you want, pitcher plant is your medicine, or (2.) if it is fluxes you suffer from, pitcher plant is your medicine. My hunch is you only *want* fluxes if you are soldering a joint. Otherwise, you would rather avoid them and pitcher plant can help you.

Even if you are healthy and already possessed of a watch that doesn't tell time, pitcher plants can enrich your understanding of life and death, also please your eye and brighten your view. To this end, we have nurtured one in our Berkshire swamp as a pet plant. I realize that with today's heightened interest in dangerous invasions, plant or otherwise, we might be criticized for welcoming a Purple Saracen in our backyard. To those feeling alarm at this, I have to say this creature is more a native here than I am, plus it can cure smallpox. This is a pet to welcome.

— Bonner J. McAllester

## The Thread of the Story

### Old Art, New Technology

OK, I confess. I'm in love with a new website: quiltuniversity.com. We met in June, and the romance continues. Furthermore, it's a passion I'm inviting you to share. So far I've taken four classes, and I'll be back for more.

The first, a free-to-download intro, was called "Border Crossings," and now I have scads of ideas about ways to jazz up—or elegantly complete—the strips along the edges of my quilts that frame the central panel and make my quilt the size I want it to be. "Fine Hand Appliqué" challenged me to learn new techniques and improve on several old ones. (Note to Barb Tryon: I'm doing much better at needleturn now!) And "Playing with Crayons" is reminding me of what I once knew about crayon on fabric fun, as well as giving me tips and pointers I'd have otherwise had to learn the expensive way: spending lots and lots of time.

Fourth item on my class schedule? Sylvia Landman's "Making Money with Your Quilting." Now there, I thought, is an idea I can live with. It was a great class. Very powerful. Now I have a clear eighteen-month plan, and a flexible five-year plan. Ask me in 2004 how it's going. Or maybe it'll be obvious, and you'll just ask, "What did you do?". And I'll shrug and mention Sylvia, and Quilt university.com. In either event, remember, you heard it here first. Go see for yourself!

— MaryKate Jordan


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## Harvest Gold

On the agricultural scene in Monterey, there are four active farm members of an organization called Berkshire Grown. This organization, through Massachusetts food and marketing programs, supports local farm production of food and flowers, as well as the open landscape these farms preserve. Monterey produce includes a wide variety from goat cheese, maple syrup, and vegetables to the dairy, poultry, and pork at Gould Farm, one of the few remaining complete farming barnyards. According to Berkshire Grown, in the last fifteen years, the Berkshires have lost about 11,000 farm acres.

With the help of Berkshire Grown, for example, Dick Tryon has been able to get his butternut squash on the menu of the many fine and fancy restaurant in Great Barrington, Egremont, Lenox, and Stockbridge that are subscribing members. Local supermarkets and country inns also feature Lowland Farm squash and maple syrup. Last year, a new plateau of public relations was reached on prime time television when the Food Network cooking program *Sara's Secrets* (Sara Knowlton was a protegé of Julia Child and is an editor of *Gourmet Magazine*) featured a recipe of Lowland Farm butternut squash bisque at the Old Inn on the Green.

With this distribution, Dick's squash patch seems to get bigger every year, alternated in location to prevent exhaustion of the nutrients in the soil. The present location is just one-eighth of a mile east from the center of town along route 23, surrounded by the hay field adjacent to the church parsonage. Rising up out of the vines and leaves of the squash is at least one stalk of sweet corn, an effort by Dick to bring home a few ears when the squash is picked. It is probably not the first time they have been planted together there, because there is a slight dip at the crest of the field that marks the location of a cellar hole of the first homestead in Monterey. In the early 1700s, the first settlers probably emulated the Native American trick of planting the "three sisters," squash, corn, and beans. The corn provided the pole for the beans to climb on, and the squash leaves kept down the weeds.

Just as the Brewer family that farmed here had a root cellar to preserve these vegetables they may have called "Indian food," there is now a root cellar not far away at the Hillside Restaurant, which serves the best side dish of roast squash anywhere, probably because it is cooked with maple syrup (the chef there is not telling his secret, except that he keeps his produce buried in the earth to keep it fresh for long periods of time). Up on Art School Road are two old farming homesteads: the first red house on the right is one of the oldest here, and the Bidwell House at the very end was built in the mid-1700s. Behind the Bidwell House and open to the public is an heirloom vegetable garden that, rising like an agricultural phoenix from seeds supplied by the Eastern Native Seed Conservancy, is alive and well.

The seed conservancy operates out of Great Barrington, and until this year has operated the Bidwell House heirloom vegetable garden, which was recently featured on the front cover of *Yankee Magazine,* showing, in full color, the three sisters grown there. Another issue of this magazine had a feature article entitled "Vintage Vines" on the annual Epicurean Heirloom Tomato Fête in Lenox, making the connection between historic tomatoes, Berkshire Grown farmers, Culinary Institute chefs, and great country cooking. The Bidwell House heirloom vegetable garden, still using native conservancy seeds, continues under the management of advisory board member Ann Hanchett Boland of Monterey. To the historical cornucopia there, she has added colonial cultivations, such as flax, from which fine linen was made during the period when the Bidwells first occupied the land.

Agriculture in those early days was influenced by transplanted European methods, but the Native American food and practices, using seeds that were considered sacred, were more like money in the bank, because they were more likely to come up the following spring. Native plants in the present Bidwell garden include Seneca violet purple flint corn, used to make flour for bread, and Tonowanda tobacco, called cash tobacco because it was a cash crop. Stockbridge Indian beans, or pole beans, are also there; in colonial days they were probably dried along with corn in the wagon shed attached to the house, for winter consumption, as well as spring planting. A common-sense adage of the time was

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"No matter how hungry you get, do not eat your seed corn."

Come see the Bidwell House heirloom vegetable garden for a free self-guided tour, using a free pamphlet blueprint of the plantings. As an added attraction, if you come on Saturday, September 7 from 4 to 7:00 p.m., you will be welcome to attend The North American Falconer's educational program, as our guest. There will be a lecture and demonstration about our indigenous goshawk, as well as a discussion on the art of falconry. It may be the best time of the year to be there, as the deciduous face of the majestic maples and the ancient oaks that look down upon the flower and vegetable gardens will be burnished by the ball of fire that Apollo, the mythological sun god, carries in his chariot across the heavens, into the sunset of the growing season. Out of the fire comes the harvest and the gold.

— George Emmons

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## Dinah Recommends

*Sylvester and the Magic Pebble*
by William Steig

This picture book is about a young donkey named Sylvester who finds a magic pebble one day while out on a walk. On his way back home from the walk Sylvester comes upon a hungry-looking lion. Without thinking Sylvester wishes he were a rock. After the lion walks away Sylvester tries to turn back into a donkey, but he is not able to touch his pebble so he can't change. What will happen to him? Will he be stuck as a rock forever? To find out look for the book at the Monterey Library.

— Dinah Mielke

## P.O. Box 9, 01245

### Thanks to Emergency Workers

To the Editor:

The entire Quisenberry family wishes to express our appreciation for the competent, professional services provided after David's most unfortunate accident on July 14, 2002. The Monterey Fire and Rescue Squad was prompt, efficient, and most effective in providing the necessary immediate aid and arranging transport to the Berkshire Medical Center Trauma Unit. Chief Backhaus of the Monterey Police Department provided all needed assistance, arranged for expeditious travel by the ambulance, and helped me (Karl) personally during these events. Monterey should be proud to be served by these individuals.

We are pleased to report David's progress. He is at home recuperating with the support of his family, visiting nurses, and other medical professionals. Twice he has been able to visit his office and work for an hour or two. His body suffered from both the initial trauma and nearly three weeks of hospital immobility, but physical therapy is helping and will continue to help. He has commented on how wonderful the support of our small community is, and he looks forward to visiting Monterey soon.

— the Quisenberry family:
Karl & Shirley, David & Jennifer,
Keith & Karen, Nancy & Dave Brady,
& all seven grandchildren

Maggie Leonard

*Ed Dunlop, Joe Baker, Steve and Sally Pullen at May retirees' celebration*

## Personal Notes

Happy Birthday to **Dinah Mielke** on the 2nd, **Gabriele Haapanen** on the 3rd, **Micole Raab** and **Kate Vallianos** on the 4th, **Marya Makuc** on the 9th, **Talia Freundlich** on the 10th, **Christopher Monk** on the 11th, **Parker Gauthier** and **MaryKate Jordon** on the12th, **Jeff Gauthier** on the 13th, **Christina Vallianos** on the 23rd, **Ellen Coburn** on the 24th, **Stephanie Grotz** on the 26th, **Marcus Sheridan** on the 27th, **Rod Palmer** and **Ray Tryon** on the 28th, **Scott Sheridan** and **Susan Sheridan** on the 29th. Happy first Anniversary to **Chris and Tara Johnson** on the 1st. Anniversary greetings also to **Ann and John Higgins** on the 7th, **Mary and Mark Makuc** on the 11th, and **Barbara and Bob Gauthier** on the 17th.

**Michelle Grotz, MD,** has started her three-year medical residency in internal medicine and primary care at New York Hospital, Cornell University Medical College, in New York City.

— Deborah Mielke


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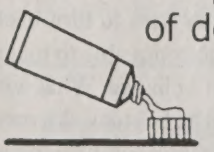

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Sincerely, *Linda*

## Contributors

We are grateful to the following people who recently contributed to the *Monterey News.*

Michael Feltser
Catherine Mielke
Nan Merrill
Sharon Steinberg
Barbara and Bennett Landis
Nicky Hearon and Jason Brown
Jeanne and William Zad
Bonnie Campeglio

## Calendar

**Every Monday (except holidays):** Select Board meeting, 8:30 a.m.–12 noon, Town Offices.

**Tuesdays–Saturdays and Holidays:** Bidwell House Museum open for tours, 11 a.m.–4 p.m., Art School Road, Monterey.

**Saturday, September 7:** Program on Goshawks and Falconry by Darryl A. Perkins, 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., Bidwell House Museum, Art School Road, Monterey. The presentation will feature live birds and a discussion of falconry. See p. 5.

**Thursday, September 12:** Blood pressure clinic, 2:30–3:30 p.m., Town Hall, administered by Visiting Nurses Assoc.

**Friday, September 13:** Historical Society meets at 7:30 p.m. at the General Knox Museum wing of Monterey Library for talk by Lanny Lanoue on lost airplane. See p. 5.

**Sunday, September 15:** Lui Collins in concert, 2:30 p.m., Monterey Meetinghouse. Tickets at door. Information at www.montereychurch.org.

**Saturday, September 21:**
Full Moon.
American Operetta, 8 p.m. Sandisfield Arts Center. Tickets $15. at door. Reservations and information (413) 258-3309. See p. 9.

**Wednesday, September 25:** Monterey Food Co-op order distribution and pickup, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., Meetinghouse basement.

**Saturday, September 28:**
Square and contra dancing, 8:30–11:30 p.m., Sheffield Grange, Rt. 7, Sheffield, Mass. Music by Walker Family Band, calling by Jeff Walker. All dances are taught, beginners and children are welcome. Refreshments at intermission. Adults $6, children $3. Information (413) 528-9385.

ॐ

## Library Presents Storytellers/Puppeteers

The Monterey Library will sponsor two performances by storytellers/puppeteers on two separate Sunday afternoons in September. On Sunday, September 22, the renowned Dr. Marmalaid will appear at 2 p.m. to amaze and amuse, and on Sunday, September 29, William Whiskers (also known as Michael Wolski) will present a program at 2 p.m. that will please children of all ages. Please note that both programs will take place at the Monterey Firehouse. Both events are funded by the Monterey Cultural Council. For information, call the library, 528-3795.

## The Observer

### July 26–August 25, 2002

| | |
|---|---|
| High temp. (8/15) | 90° |
| Low temp. (7/26, 8/9) | 49° |
| Avg. high temp. | 80.3° |
| Avg. low temp. | 57.9° |
| Avg. temp. | 69.1° |
| Total rainfall | 2.85" |

Precipitation occurred on 11 days.

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Our editorial address is *Monterey News*, P. O. Box 9, Monterey, MA, 01245. We invite signed letters, articles, drawings, poetry, and photographs from readers. Please send submissions (e-mail or PC disk if possible) by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the Editor. Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the *News* by mail (free) to Barbara Tryon, Business Manager. We will typeset a text-only ad for your Monterey-based business, service, or event, or advertisers may submit an ad with graphics on a PC formatted disk. Address your request for advertising rates and further information to the Editor, or telephone us at 413-528-4347 (e-mail: windrose@bcn.net).

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*Contributions from local artists this month:*
*Maureen Banner, p. 9; George Emmons, p. 21;*
*Bonner McAllester, p. 18; Glynis Oliver, p. 6.*

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